

VOL. 5 NO. 8

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Shadow COMICS

10¢



THE SHADOW

Meets Evil's
Greatest Genius

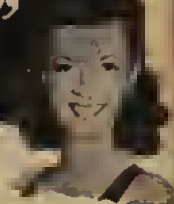
THE TALON

and proves that
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DALE EVANS, Republic star of "Yellow Rose of Texas"

Lovely DALE EVANS Says:
**"IT'S EASY
 TO LEARN
 DANCING!"**



Dale is Right

**...and This Book will Teach
 You in 5 Days...or NO COST!**

**IF YOU CAN DO THIS
 STEP — YOU CAN
 DANCE IN 5 DAYS**



Illustration shows first basic step. This is an example of how the exciting book "Dancing" can quickly teach you to be a smooth, graceful dancer. Chock full of easy-to-follow diagrams like this—with simple, understandable text, this book is destined to be one of your most prized possessions.

★ ★ ★

**LEARN NEWEST DANCE STEPS,
 INCLUDING RHUMBA, SAMBA,
 CONGA, JITTERBUG, FOXTROT
 and WALTZ!**

Take a tip from Dale Evans, talented young dancing star of Republic Pictures. Let dancing open the door to Romance and Happiness for you! Don't let others have all the fun while life passes you by. Be popular... have dates every night instead of sitting alone feeling sorry for yourself!

EASY-TO-FOLLOW LESSONS!

This sensational new book can teach you to dance, help you to learn the latest steps, quickly, easily, in the privacy of your own home! Not a correspondence course — not a series of expensive and complicated lessons, but a revolutionary book on Dancing that offers a short-cut to anyone who wants to learn to dance the modern way! Written by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost

dancing authorities, it will teach you the fundamentals of dancing in a few thrilling hours — give you the grace and assurance of an accomplished dancer in as little as 5 days.

MAKE THIS TEST!

Don't let another day go by without sending for this amazing book that has already taught thousands of men and women to dance. It's packed full of easy-to-understand diagrams and explains in clear, simple language, how to do the Jitterbug, Rhumba, Conga, Samba and other exciting new dances that are sweeping the country, besides the ever-popular Waltz, Fox Trot, and many old-time favorites. Surprise your friends by knowing how to do all the latest steps. Resolve now, never again to refuse an invitation because you can't dance. If you really want to know how to dance and will act now, we'll send you as a gift, 2 additional books free of any extra charge, "Tip Top Tapping" and "Swing Steps." Simply send the coupon for your copy of "Dancing," by Betty Lee. Pay postman when *All Three Books* are delivered. Then follow instructions by practicing the simple easy lessons each day. And remember — if not satisfied with results in 5 days you may return the book and your money will be refunded.

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS INC. DEPT. 839H, 1790 B'WAY, N.Y. 19, N.Y.
MAIL COUPON TODAY!



PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

1790 Broadway, Dept. 839H, New York 19, N.Y.

Send me by return mail, in plain wrapper "Dancing", by Betty Lee, and include 2 free books, "Swing Steps" and "Tip Top Tapping."

..... Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.
 I enclose \$1.98. Ship postage prepaid.
 If in 5 days I do not learn to dance, I may return the book and you will refund purchase price.

Name

Address

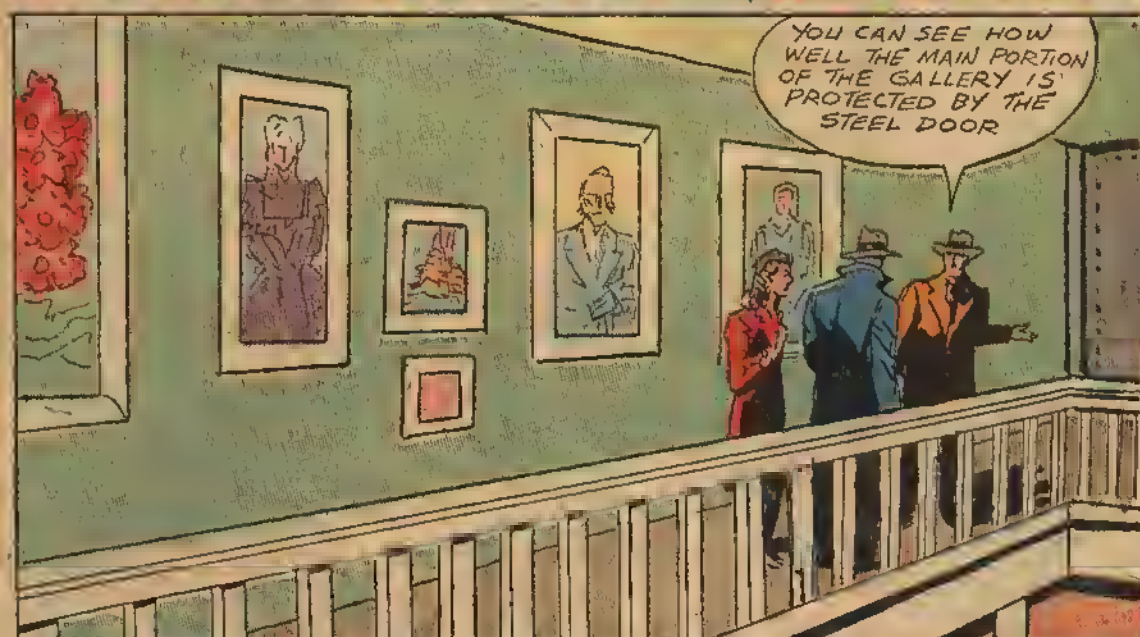
City

The Shadow Finds The Talon



ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS THE MENACE OF AN INSIDIOUS MASTER MIND CALLED THE TALON, WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE EVEN THE POLICE DENY... IN PROVING TO CROOKS THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY, THE SHADOW HAS SEEN THE CLAW OF THE TALON ENTER TO CLUTCH THE LOOT THAT OTHERS LOST... SO THE SHADOW, STUDYING THE TALON'S WAYS, HAS MADE IT HIS MAJOR PURPOSE TO FIND AND DESTROY THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF INJUSTICE!!!





BUT THERE'S ONE
THING TO REMEMBER,
MARGO. THIS WHOLE
COLLECTION WAS BROUGHT
IN FROM EUROPE,
WHERE THE TALON
USED TO OPERATE

YES,
THAT'S
RIGHT

AND HERE
THE GALLERY
ENDS IN A
SOLID WALL.
MAKING IT
DOUBLY
SECURE!



NO ROBBERY
COULD POSSIBLY
HAPPEN
HERE!

THERE HAVE
BEEN SEVERAL
ROBBERIES LATELY
OF ART TREASURES
THAT WERE BROUGHT
FROM EUROPE
DURING THE
EARLY STAGES
OF THE WAR...

LAMONT!
LOOK!



LOOK AT
WHAT?

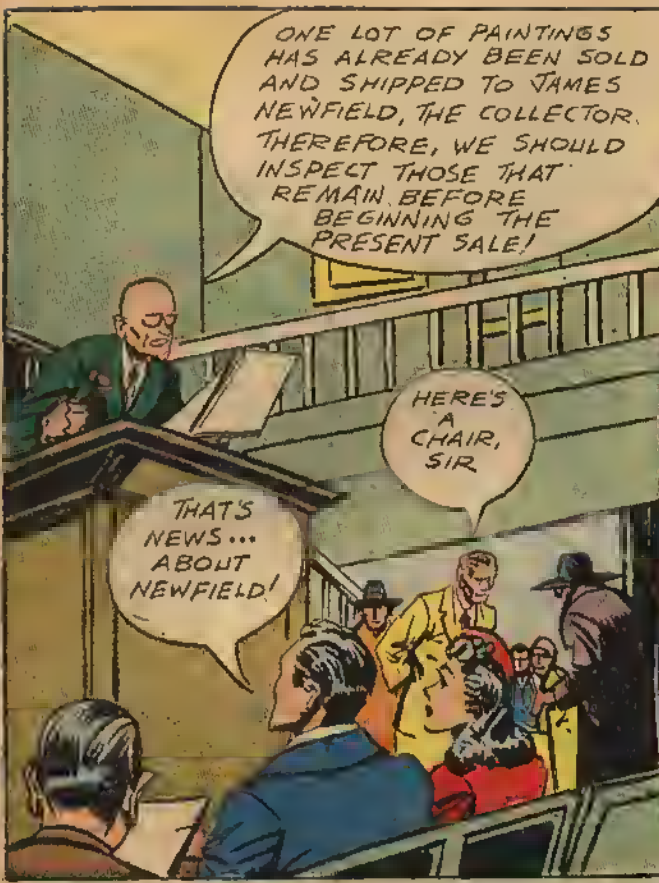
THAT
SCRUB-
WOMAN!
I'VE SEEN
HER
BEFORE..



IF I
COULD
ONLY
EMEMBE
WHERE!

TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER, MARGO.
THE AUCTION IS STARTING NOW.

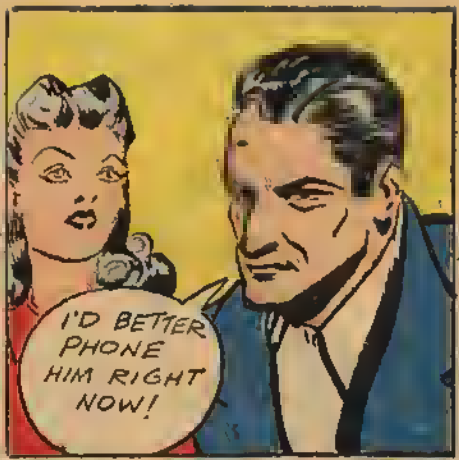




ONE LOT OF PAINTINGS HAS ALREADY BEEN SOLD AND SHIPPED TO JAMES NEWFIELD, THE COLLECTOR. THEREFORE, WE SHOULD INSPECT THOSE THAT REMAIN BEFORE BEGINNING THE PRESENT SALE!

HERE'S A CHAIR, SIR

THAT'S NEWS... ABOUT NEWFIELD!



I'D BETTER PHONE HIM RIGHT NOW!



HELLO... NEWFIELD, THIS IS CRANSTON. ARE YOUR ART TREASURE SAFE?

WHY... YES. NOT ONLY SAFE BUT WELL GUARDED



UP THIS WAY, PLEASE!

MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?

I'M AFRAID I'M TOO WEAK TO GO UP THOSE STAIRS!

NOW I REMEMBER!



THAT SCRUB-WOMAN IS CALLED THE HAG! SHE USED TO WORK IN A PLACE KNOWN AS THE CRIME MUSEUM!

THERE WAS MONEY STOLEN
FROM THE CRIME MUSEUM, AND
LAMONT CLAIMED THE
TALON TOOK IT!

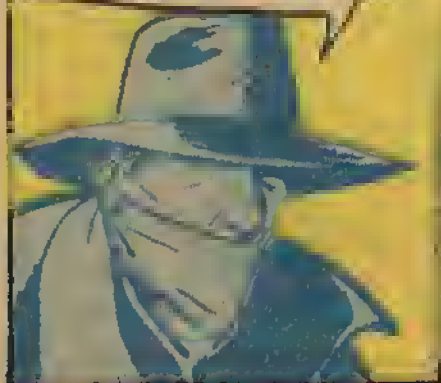


SINCE CRIME IS
DUE HERE FIRST,
I'D BETTER GET
BUSY... AS
THE SHADOW!

DID I
FEEL A
DRAFT
?



... AND IN MY OPINION, CRIMES
SALIENT MUST BE THAT
BOWLING ALLEY ABOVE
THE BARBER SHOP
NEXT DOOR!

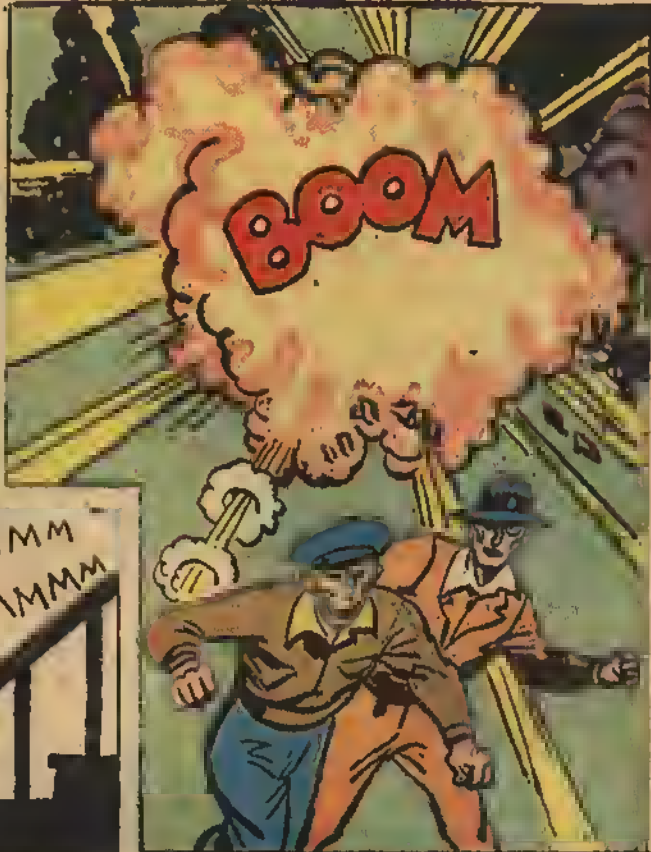
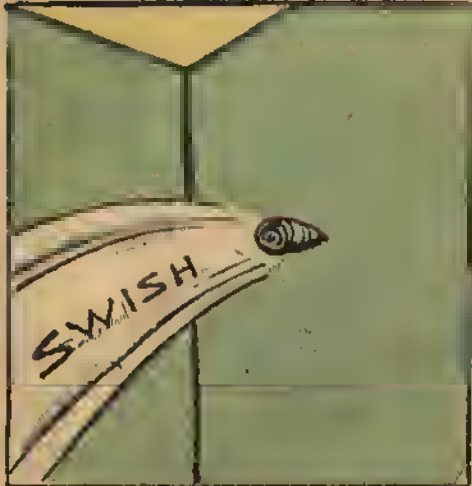


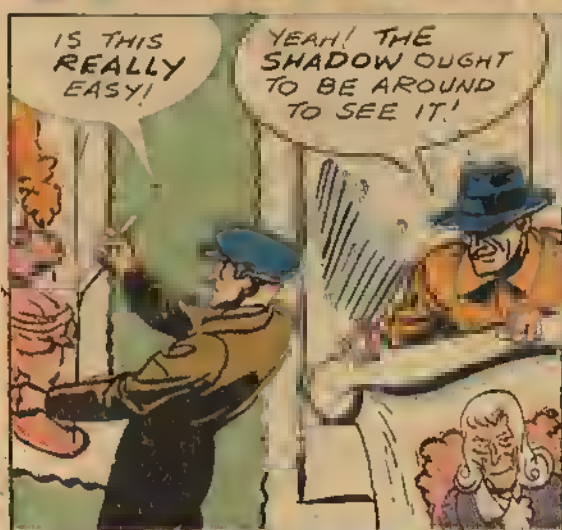
I OUGHT
TO TELL
LAMONT!
BUT WHERE
IS HE?

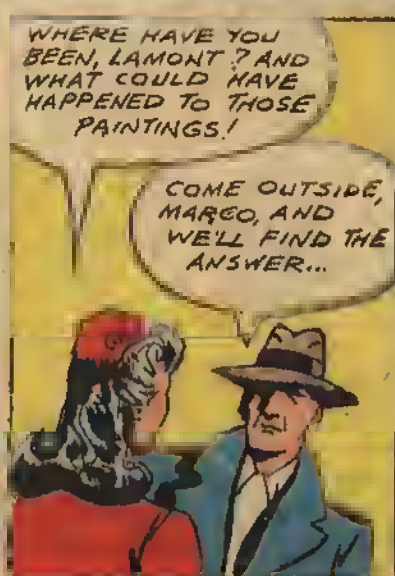
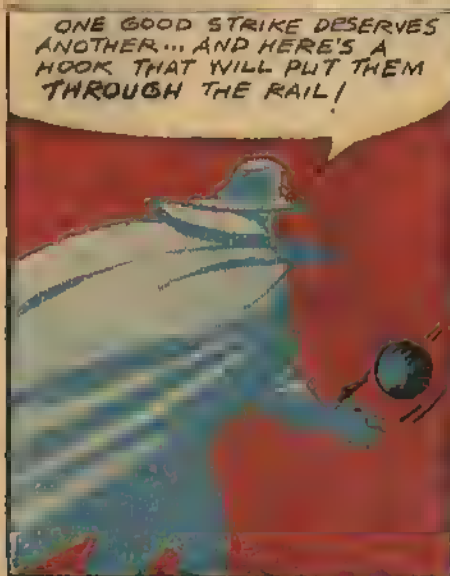


ALRIGHT,
LUGS!
STAND BACK
WHILE I
HEAVE THIS
PINEAPPLE!









UP THERE! FROM
THAT SMOKE, I'D
JUDGE THAT
SOMEBODY PILED
THOSE PAINTINGS
IN THE FURNACE!

THE OLD MAN...
THE ONE THAT
WAS TOO
FEEBLE TO GO
UP TO THE
GALLERY...

...OR PRETENDED
HE WAS TOO
FEEBLE! BUT WHY
WOULD HE BURN
THE PAINTINGS?

WE'LL COVER THAT
LATER, MARGO.
GET US OUT TO
NEWFIELD'S, SHREVEY!

OKAY,
BOSS

WHY YES, CRANSTON,
I COLLECT COSTUMES,
TOO. YOU SHOULD
FIND SOME THAT
WILL MATCH A
FEW OF THESE
PAINTINGS

HEAR THAT,
MARGO? GO
FIND YOURSELF
A BALLET
COSTUME...
UNLESS YOU'D
RATHER BE A
WITCH!

SO THIS IS
NEWFIELD'S!
IT LOOKS
PEACEFUL
ENOUGH SO
FAR!

IT WON'T BE
WHEN THE
TALON
GETS HERE,
MARGO!

I PREFER
THE BALLET
OUTFIT...

BUT IF I'M TO TAKE
THE PAINTINGS PLACE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT IT
FROM ITS FRAME,
WON'T YOU?

WHY NOT... IF
WE DON'T,
THE TALON
WILL... WHEN
HE GETS
HERE!



WHAT A TIME
IT TOOK TO
FIND A BALLET
COSTUME THAT
WOULD FIT ME!



THERE'S THE DOOR BELL!
WELL, IF IT'S THE TALON,
I'M HERE SOON ENOUGH
TO SURPRISE HIM IN THE
ACT OF THEFT!

RING!!!



MR. NEWFIELD?
MY NAME
IS LONAT...

LONAT!
WHY, YOU
SHIPPED ME
MY PAINTINGS
AND NOW YOU'RE
JUST IN TIME
TO HELP ME
RECOVER THEM!
STEP RIGHT,
THIS WAY!

MEANWHILE...

WELL, MY SILLY!
TWO CAN PLAY
AT THIS PORTRAIT
GAME!

THE
HAG!
WORKING
FOR THE
TALON!

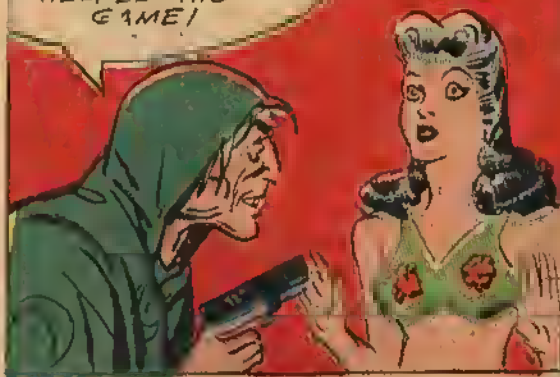


SUPPOSE
YOU LEAD
THE WAY,
NEWFIELD!

YOU...
YOU'RE
THE
TALON!



NOT WORKING FOR
THE TALON YET, BUT
I WILL BE WHEN HE
LEARNS HOW I HAVE
HELPED HIS
GAME!



SINCE YOU HAVE
HELPED MY GAME,
SUPPOSE YOU
TELL ME WHO
YOU ARE AND
WHAT YOU KNOW!

THEY CALL
ME **THE
HAG**. I TRAILED
YOU, TALON,
TO LEARN
YOUR WAYS



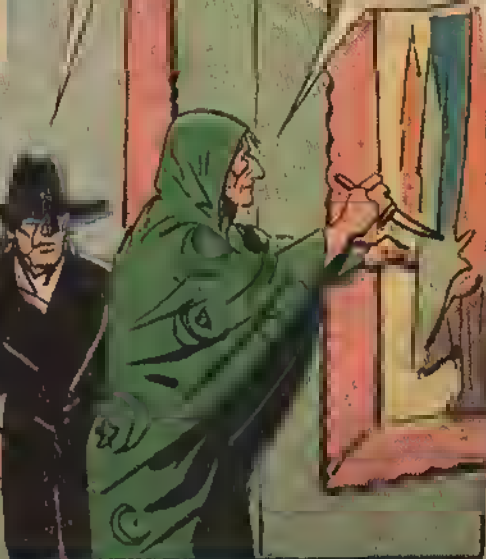
I SAW YOU BURN THOSE
PAINTINGS AT THE 'ART
GALLERY. THEY WERE
FAKES THAT YOU SOLD
FOR FULL PRICE!



THAT
SOUNDS
INTERESTING.
TELL ME
MORE

YOU ARE RIGHT,
HAG. THESE
PAINTINGS THAT
I SOLD NEWFIELD
ARE ALSO
FRAUDS. THEY
MUST BE
DESTROYED,
TOO

I'LL CUT
THIS ONE
FROM ITS
FRAME AND
THEN WE CAN
SEARCH FOR
THE OTHERS,
TALON!



NOW YOU HAVE
SMUGGLED THE
ORIGINALS FROM
EUROPE AND TO SELL
THEM, YOU MUST
DESTROY THE COPIES!





MORE LUCK FOR
THE TALON, HAVING
THAT CAR HANDY!



BUT MAYBE WE
CAN STILL FIND
WHERE THE HAG
WENT!



THERE SHE IS...
LUCKY ENOUGH TO
BE JOINING THE
GETAWAY!



WELL, WE SAVED
THESE FAKE
PAINTINGS, BUT
WHAT GOOD
ARE THEY?

THEY WILL BE
EVIDENCE,
NEWFIELD, TO
PROVE YOUR
CLAIM TO THE
ORIGINALS
WHEN WE FIND
THEM ALONG
WITH THE
TALON!

AT LEAST WE'VE
PROVED THAT
THE TALON
EXISTS, AND
THAT'S TRAIL
ENOUGH FOR
THE SHADOW!



—AND
THE SHADOW
CATCHES UP WITH
THE TALON
IN THE NEXT ISSUE

IF YOU CAN'T
BUY A
WAR BOND
INVEST IN
WAR STAMPS

DOC SAVAGE

in
the...
**UNSEEN
HARPIST!**



G. HOST, I
INDEED!
A FINE NAME
FOR A GUY
WHO CLAIMS
TO BE ABLE
TO RAISE
GHOSTS!

G. HOST
SEANCES
ARRANGED

SH-H... WE
HAVE TO
PRETEND TO
BE DUPES,
IF WE ARE
TO GET THE
GOODS ON
THIS FELLOW

WHEN GHOSTLY HANDS
PLUCK AT HARP STRINGS...
IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE...
TIME FOR DOC AND HIS
REDOUBTABLE PARTNERS
TO DON WINGS AND JOIN
IN THE CHORUS... BUT
NOT WHEN DOC
REALIZED THE ANSWER
MIGHT BE IN AN
OBSCURE ACOUSTICAL
LAW!



FORSAKE ALL UNBELIEFS AS YE ENTER THESE PORTALS!

UH, HUH!
IT STARTS!



OOOF!
OKAY...
I'LL KEEP
SHUT UP!

YOU'D BETTER!
WE WERE
HIRED TO FIND
OUT IF THIS
IS REAL OR
FRAUDULENT
AND WE
WILL!



WELCOME! MAY YOU
BE TRUE BELIEVERS...
AS FOR THE UNBELIEVERS...
THE SPIRITS MAKE SHORT
SHRIFT OF THEM!

IS
THE
SEANCE
READY?



WE SHALL ATTEMPT
CONTACT AS SOON
AS THESE OTHER
FRIENDS BECOME
PART OF THE
CIRCLE...

I-
SEE...



A SIGN... WE
BESEECH A SIGN
TO KNOW IF THE
SPIRITS ARE
PROFITIOUS!

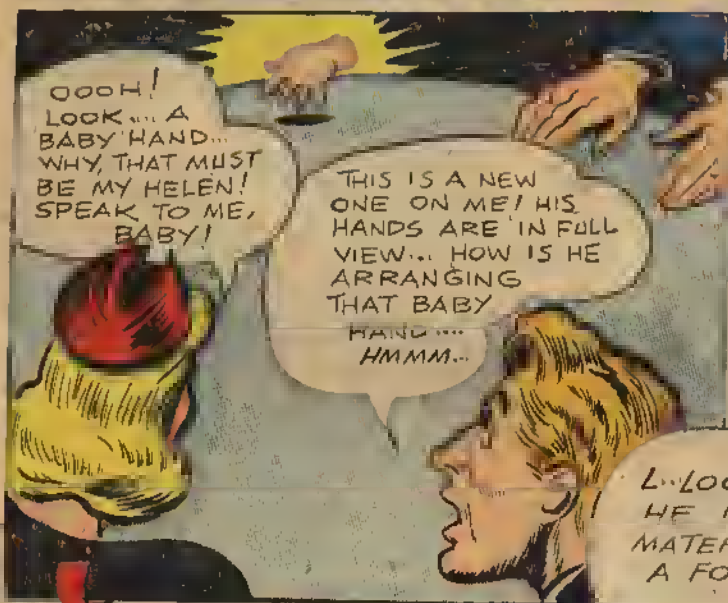
AH... THE
SPIRIT HARPIST
BIDS YOU
WELCOME... WILL
YOU, OH MIGHTY
SPIRIT, HONOR
US WITH A
SELECTION?

THERE'S NOTHING NEW
SO FAR... THIS IS ALL
THE REGULAR HOCUS-
FOCUS... OH, OH...
WHAT'S THAT?

PING...
PING...
BRKING...



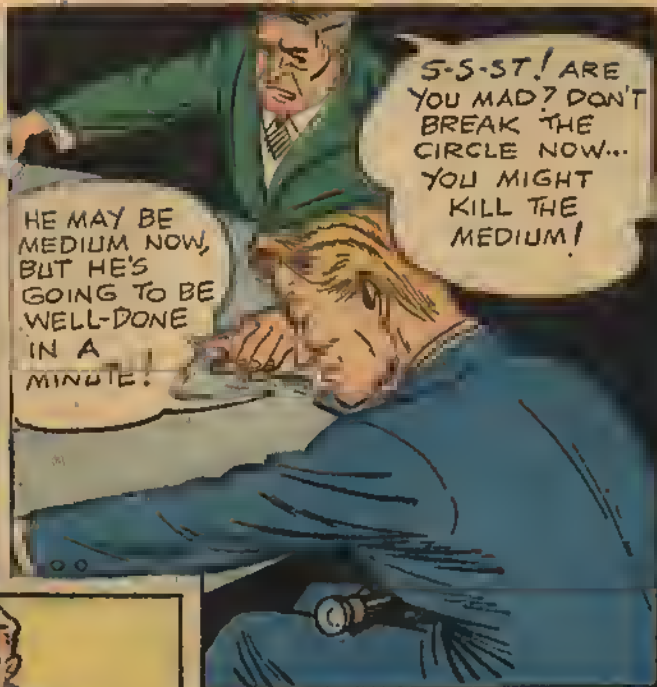
THE SPIRITS ARE EVIDENTLY GOING TO BE VERY HELPFUL THIS EVENING... I SHALL ATTEMPT TO GO INTO A TRANCE... WHILE I AM IN THE TRANCE STATE, YOU MAY ASK QUESTIONS OF THE SPIRITS...





YES,
MY DEAR...
IT IS
WONDERFUL
OVER HERE...

GULP...
THIS ALMOST
SEEMS LIKE
THE REAL THING...
NO ONE COULD
FAKE THOSE
THINGS..



HE MAY BE
MEDIUM NOW,
BUT HE'S
GOING TO BE
WELL-DONE
IN A
MINUTE!

S-S-ST! ARE
YOU MAD? DON'T
BREAK THE
CIRCLE NOW...
YOU MIGHT
KILL THE
MEDIUM!



WHY, IT'S
NOTHING BUT
A HUNK OF
CHEESE CLOTH
WITH LUMINOUS
PAINT ON IT!

YES... HE HAD
IT SECRETED IN
HIS MOUTH AND
MATERIALIZED IT
IT BY PUSHING
IT OUT OF HIS
LIPS! GRAB HIM!

SNOOPERS!
UNBELIEVERS!
YOU'LL DIE FOR
YOUR TEMERITY!
GUIDE! COME
UP HERE!

HO, HO... AND
THAT WAS WHAT
FOOLED ME! HIS
HANDS WERE HELD...
BUT HIS FEET WERE
FREE. HE JUST
POPPED HIS FOOT
ON THE TABLE
WITH THAT
DUMMY HAND
ON IT!



SO, THESE LITTLE
BUTTONS COATED
WITH LUMINOUS PAINT
WERE THE 'SPIRIT'
LIGHTS! HIS
ASSISTANT MUST
HAVE THROWN
THESE THRU A
TRAP DOOR...
MONK, LOOK
OUT!

BAROOOM!



UGH!

WHY, THESE MEN WHOM WE HAVE PAYING OUR GOOD MONEY TO, ARE NOTHING BUT FAKERS!

YES! THE WORST KIND OF FAKERS, TRADING ON PEOPLE'S HOPES AND FEARS!

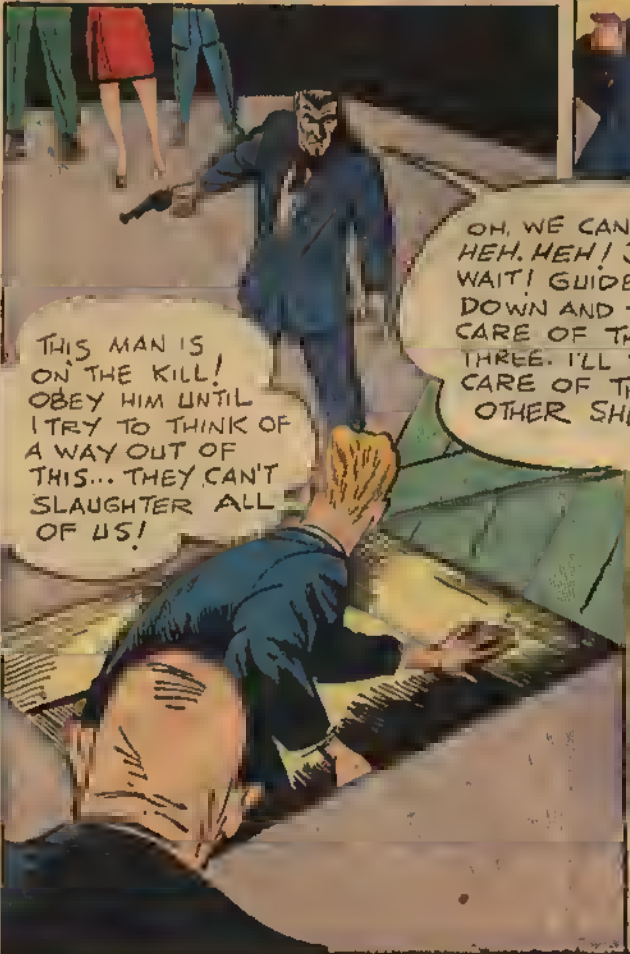


DON'T MOVE... YOU... IF YOU TRY TO MOVE ANOTHER INCH BEHIND ME, I'LL BLAST YOU AND THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!

BETTER STAND STILL, HAM...

THROW HIM IN THERE!

AND, THEN, YOU TWO FOLLOW!



THIS MAN IS ON THE KILL! OBEY HIM UNTIL I TRY TO THINK OF A WAY OUT OF THIS... THEY CAN'T SLAUGHTER ALL OF US!

OH, WE CAN'T? HEH, HEH! JUST WAIT! GUIDE, GO DOWN AND TAKE CARE OF THESE THREE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE OTHER SHEEP!



THE SOUND OF MY WILD SHOT MAY ATTRACT THE COPS. IF THEY COME, I'LL BE SITTING AT THE TABLE. UNDER THE TABLE WILL BE MY GUN. IF ONE OF

YOU PEEPS, MY FINGER WILL TIGHTEN. GOT THAT?



GULP... YES...

DOWN-
STAIRS...

YA CREEP DINCHA THINK
WE THOUGHT OF THAT?
WHY'D YA THINK YA STILL
ALIVE? THE BOSS IS
GONNA FLUFF OFF TH'
COPS AND
THEN WERE
GONNA
HAVE
SOME
FUN!

SAY, DOC... ITS
NOT HOPELESS.
THE SOUND OF
THAT SHOT
MAY BRING
THE POLICE...

SUDDENLY,
THE SOUND
OF HEAVY
FEET...

YA DONT THINK WERE
AFRAID OF YER GHOSTS,
COMIN' BACK AN HAUNTIN'
US, DO YA?
HA, HA!

DELICATE
SENSE OF
HUMOR,
THE BOY
HAS!

THAT'S TH'
FLAT FEET,
ALRIGHT! HAHA..
WHATCHA GONNA
DO ABOUT IT?

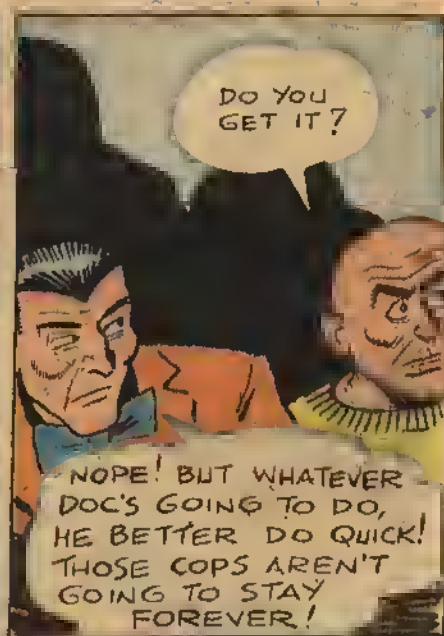
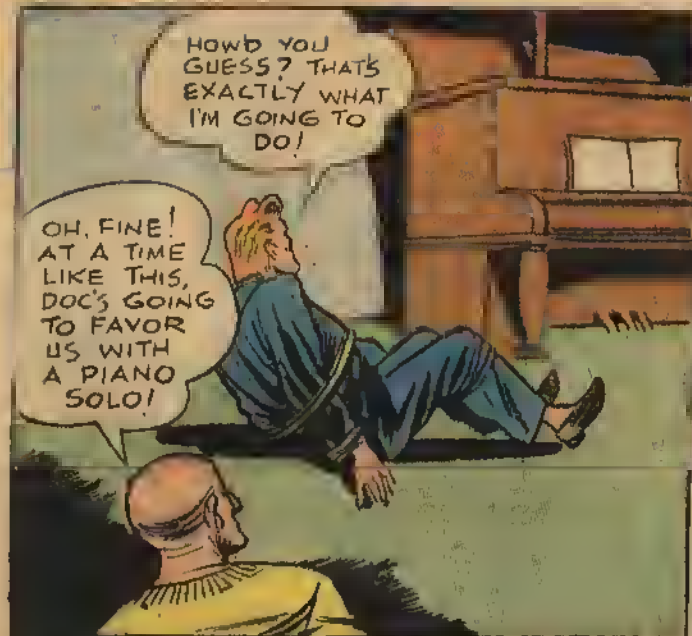
THUMP!

THIS!

AURGH,
WHAT
TH'...

WHAT
ROTTEN LUCK..
HIS GUN IS OUT
OF REACH... IF WE
HAD **THAT** WE COULD
CALL THE COPS WITH
A SHOT... BUT, WAIT..

WAIT FOR
WHAT? FOR
THAT KILLER
TO COME AND
KNOCK US
OFF?



BLAST GUIDE! HE'S
LET THEM GET AT
THE PIANO... WELL,
WHAT DIFFERENCE
DO A FEW MORE
BODIES MAKE!

PING... PING... PING...
BRING... BRING... BRING...
PING... PING... PING...

HEY LISTEN...
THREE SHORTS,
THREE LONGS
AND THREE
SHORTS...

THAT'S AN
S.O.S.!
THERE'S
DANGER
HERE...

HEY! LOOKA THIS!
THIS ROD GOES
DOWNSTAIRS...

OOOCH...

DOWNSTAIRS

THIS ROD
GOES
DOWNSTAIRS.

THAT'S RIGHT...
COME DOWN
AND GET
US!

I GUESS THAT
WOODEN ROD
HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
THE GHOSTLY
HARP, HUH?

IT HAD EVERYTHING TO DO
WITH IT. THE END OF ROD
DOWN HERE, RESTING AGAINST
THE SOUNDING BOARD OF THE
PIANO, TRANSMITTED THE
SOUND RIGHT UP TO THE HARP!
THE SOUND WAVES MADE THE
HARP STRINGS VIBRATE AND
IT SOUNDED AS IF

THE SONG WAS
COMING FROM
THE HARP!

THAT WAS
— ONE TIME I
THOUGHT WE'D
WIND UP
PLAYING
HARPS!

NOW

**BUY
ANOTHER**

WAR BOND!

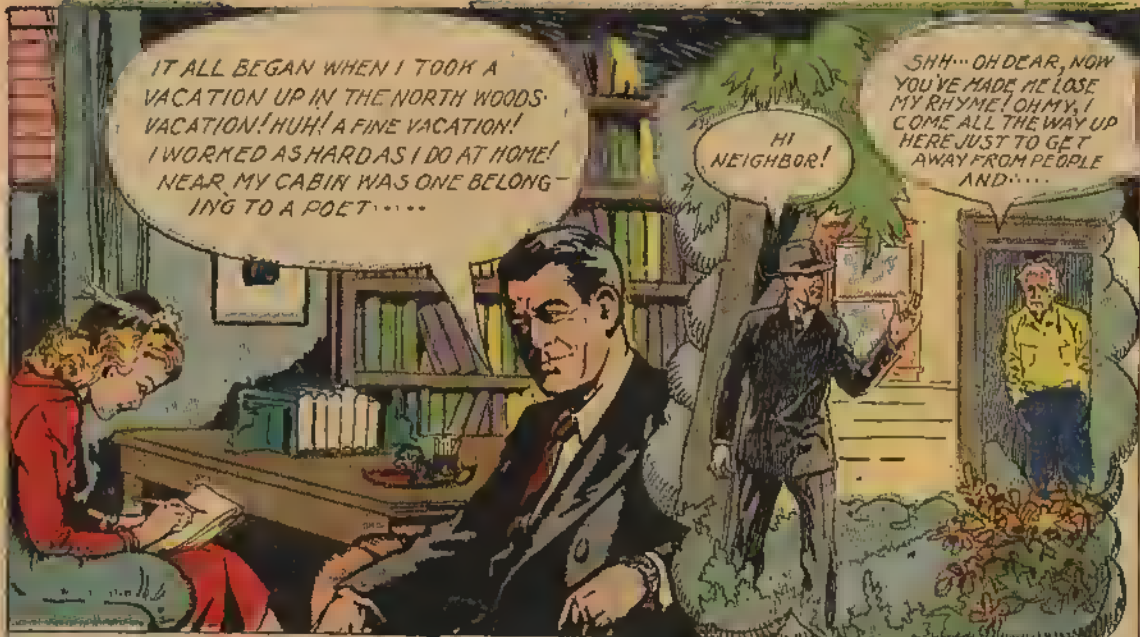
Nick Carter SEVEN FEET TO FORTUNE

MANY AND BAFFLING HAVE BEEN THE PROBLEMS THAT HAVE FACED NICK IN HIS LONG CAREER AS A CRIME BUSTER. BUT PERHAPS NEVER BEFORE HAS HE MET ONE SO INTRICATE, SO BAFFLING AS THE CLUE OF THE FEET THAT WEREN'T!



OH, MR. CARTER, I THINK THE WAY YOU SOLVED THAT MURDER UP IN THE WOODS WAS WONDERFUL! WON'T YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT FOR MY READERS?

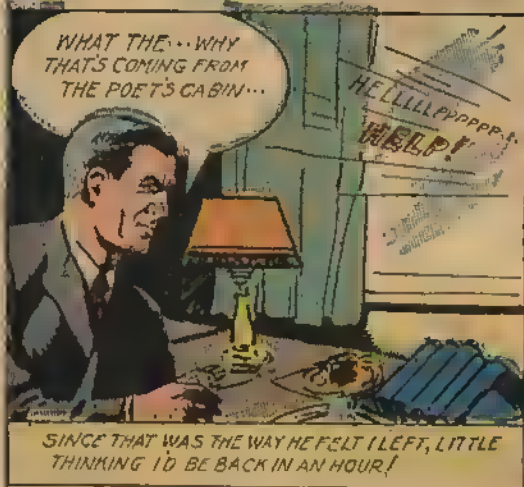
HMMM, WELL THE SOLUTION OF THE MURDER WAS SIMPLE. THE REAL PROBLEM WAS FINDING OUT WHERE THE JEWELS WERE...



IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I TOOK A VACATION UP IN THE NORTH WOODS. VACATION! HUH! A FINE VACATION! I WORKED AS HARD AS I DO AT HOME! NEAR MY CABIN WAS ONE BELONGING TO A POET....

HI NEIGHBOR!

SHH... OH DEAR, NOW YOU'VE MADE ME LOSE MY RHYME! OH MY, I COME ALL THE WAY UP HERE JUST TO GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE AND....



WHAT THE... WHY THAT'S COMING FROM THE POET'S CABIN...

HELLOPPPPPP...
HELP!

SINCE THAT WAS THE WAY HE FELT I LEFT, LITTLE THINKING I'D BE BACK IN AN HOUR!



YES, TAKE IT EASY MAN, I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN...

HELP...
COME
HERE...

I RAN...



WHAT? SPEAK UP MAN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

SEVEN... GASP...
SEVEN... SEVEN
FEET TO FORTUNE...
SEVEN FEET GEMS...



HE'S DEAD...
THAT NOISE...

CRACKLE...

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! ALL HE HAD TIME TO DO WAS MUTTER A FEW WORDS...

WHAT! I DIDN'T KNOW, THE DYING MAN DID, WAS THAT THE KILLER WAS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.

TOO LATE... HE'S
GETTING AWAY... I'D
NEVER FIND HIM IN
THAT UNDERBRUSH...
LET'S SEE...



BUT WHEN I GOT
TO THE WINDOW...

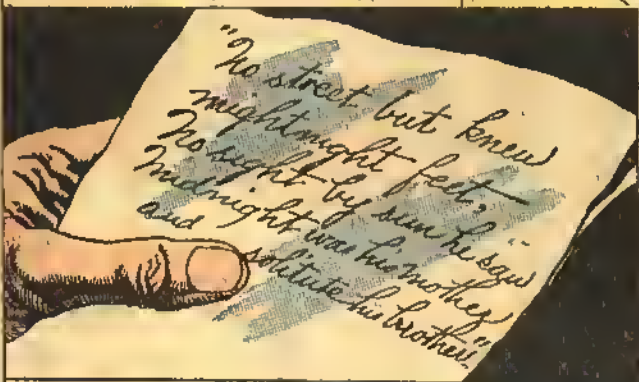
THE DEAD MAN,
ART LIBRE, KNEW HIS
KILLER WAS OUT THERE.
SO HE TRIED TO TELL ME
SOMETHING IN SUCH A
WAY THAT I'D GET IT, BUT THE
KILLER WOULDN'T...
LET'S SEE WHAT'S
ON THIS...



SEVEN FEET TO
FORTUNE...
HUMMMM...
I BETTER
NOTIFY THE
SHERIFF...



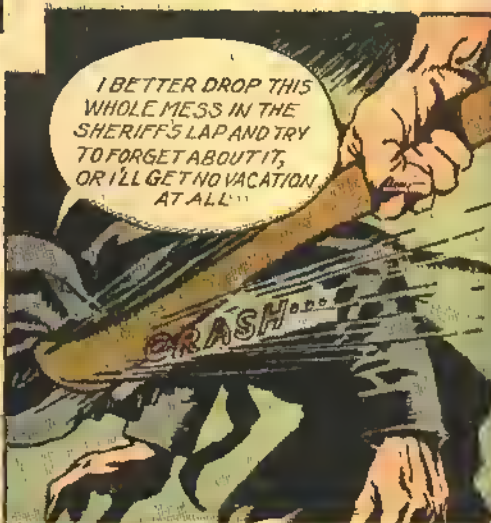
"No street but knew
midnight feet."
No night by sun he saw
Midnight was his mother
and solitude his brother.




THIS IS ALL VERY
CONFUSING... I'D
WISH HE'D BEEN
ABLE TO BE A
LITTLE CLEARER
BEFORE...



I BETTER DROP THIS
WHOLE MESS IN THE
SHERIFF'S LAP AND TRY
TO FORGET ABOUT IT,
OR I'LL GET NO VACATION
AT ALL...




AT THIS MOMENT EVERYTHING
BLANKED OUT...



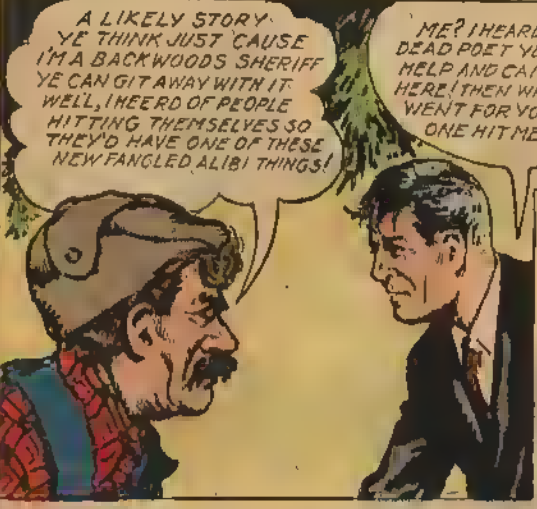
WOW! WHAT A CLOUT!
GOOD GRAVY... THIS
MEANS THE KILLER
CAME BACK AND...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS BEFORE I CAME TO,
I WAS ALL CRAMPED UP...




WHATCHA WANT
TO SEE ME ABOUT,
CITY FELLER?

HE CONKED ME
AND SWIPED THE
POEM!
THE SHERIFF...
I MUST SEE HIM...




A LIKELY STORY.
YE THINK JUST 'CAUSE
I'M A BACKWOODS SHERIFF
YE CAN GIT AWAY WITH IT.
WELL, I HEARD OF PEOPLE
HITTING THEMSELVES SO
THEY'D HAVE ONE OF THESE
NEW FANGLED ALIBI THINGS!

ME? I HEARD THE
DEAD POET YELL FOR
HELP AND CAME OVER
HERE! THEN WHEN I
WENT FOR YOU, SOME-
ONE HIT ME!



WAAL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
DO TELL! YOU MAY'NT BELIEVE
THIS BUT I KNOW IT! WHAT'S
MORE, I GOT AN IDEE YOU
GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH
IT, YOU CITY CITY FOLKS
ARE ALL ALIKE!

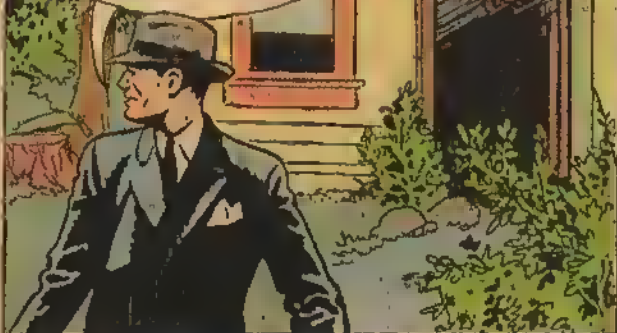
THERE'S
BEENA
MURDER!



?

THIS IS A PRETTY
KETTLE OF FISH.
LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE
TO SOLVE THIS IN
SELF DEFENSE.

I HAVE THE FUNNIEST
RECOLLECTION OF SEEING
A WHALE JUST BEFORE
I WAS KNOCKED OUT BUT
THAT MUST BE PART OF MY
DELERIUM...IT COULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED...



OH THIS IS ALL TO
RIDICULOUS...THE
DEAD MAN TRIED TO
GIVE ME A MESSAGE...
IT SEEMED TO HAVE
TO DO WITH A POEM
HE'D BEEN
WRITING...

AS SURE AS MY
NAME IS BRUBACH,
YOU'RE TIED IN WITH
THIS KILLIN'. THERE'S
NO SIGN OF ANYONE
HAVIN' BEEN HERE
BUT YOU...



WAAL,
WHERE'S
THE POEM?

WHOEVER HIT
ME TOOK IT...
WAIT A MINUTE...
A WHALE!



WHALE? WHATCHA TALKING
ABOUT? YOU'RE UNDER
CUSTODY, YOUNKER AND
DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET
AWAY BECAUSE YOU CAN'T!

THAT WHALE!
I DID SEE IT JUST
BEFORE I PASSED
OUT!



A KILLER FOR
A SHERIFF!
A FINE STATE
OF AFFAIRS!

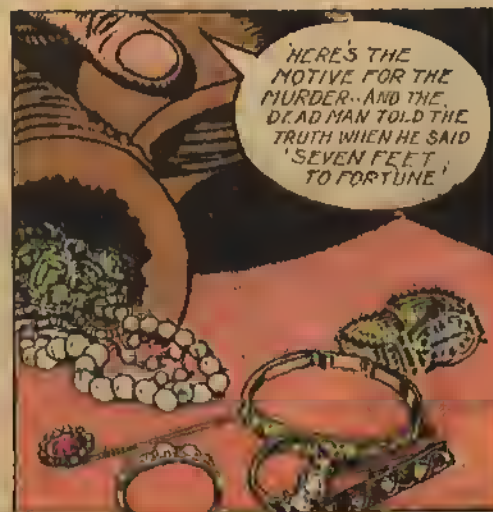
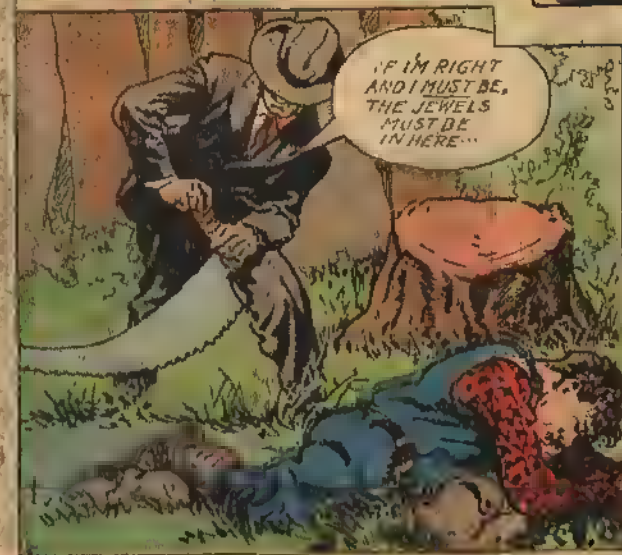
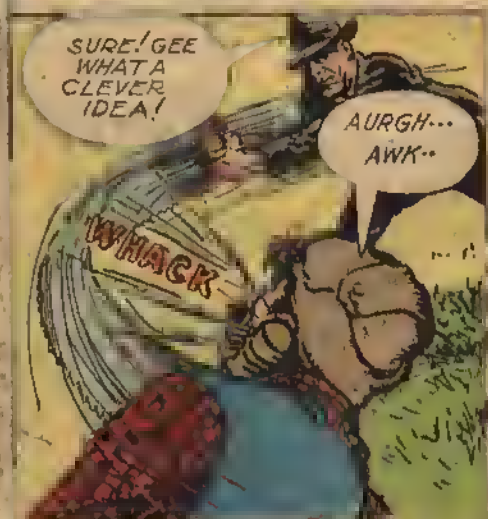
NO YOU DON'T...
I'LL....



I'LL SHOOT YOU
DOWN LIKE A SKUNK!
ANI GOT A RIGHT TO...
ALL I GOTTA SAY IS
YOU TRIED TO
ESCAPE!

IF THERE'S ANY-
THING LIKE IT'S
ANICE QUIET
VACATION!





WHOA... WAIT A MINUTE...
FIRST... WHERE'D THE JEWELS
COME FROM? WHAT WERE THEY
DOING IN SUCH AN IMPROB-
ABLE PLACE?

THAT DIDN'T COME OUT TILL
LATER AT THE TRIAL: THE
POET AND THE SHERIFF
HAD BEEN IN CAHOOTS: THE
CAMP AT WHICH ALL THIS
HAD HAPPENED WAS UP
NEAR THE CANADAIN
BORDER...

THE GEMS HAD BEEN
SMUGGLED ACROSS THE
BORDER: EVIDENTLY THE
SAW HAD BEEN USED
THE HIDING PLACE TO
FOOL THE CUSTOMS IM-
SPECTORS.

UH HUH... I SEE THA
BUT NOW, WHY'D THE
POET HOLD OUT ON
THE TATTOOED
SHERIFF?

A QUESTION SNAPS NICK OUT OF THE
STORY HE HAS BEEN TELLING...

WHEN... WHAT A LOAD... I'M
NOT NOT GOING TO BE ABLE
TO CARRY HIM VERY FAR... AND
YET I'VE GOT TO GET TO TOWN

THE POET HELD OUT
ON THE SHERIFF BECAUSE
THE SHERIFF WAS HOLDING
OUT ON THE PROFITS OF
THEIR PREVIOUS HAUL!

I GET IT. WHEN
THIEVES FALL OUT...
OKAY, LETS GET BACK
TO THE WOODS.
WHAT'D YOU DO
THEN?

PUFF... PUFF...
ANOTHER HALF
MILE...

HE'S GOT THE
GUN... ONLY ONE
THING I CAN DO...

GOTTA GET
THE GUN...

WHAT THE...
HE'S COME
TO...



YOU SEE ABOUT IN POETRY IS A MEASURE OF SYLLABLES. THE SEVENTH FOOT WAS THE WORD 'SAW'. THE POEM WENT 'NO STREET BUT KNEW HIS MIDNIGHT FEET, NO SIGHT BY SUN HE SAW. ONCE I KNEW THE CLEW WAS 'SAW' I KNEW THAT THE GEMS HAD TO BE IN THE HANDLE.



NICK CARTER

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Chuck Carter's INNER CIRCLE

THE ONE LEGGED ELEPHANT

Chick Carter looking ill at ease in his newly redonned civvies, smiled at the members of the Inner Circle. He gulped, looked foolish, then said, "Unaccustomed as I have become to public speaking," then he paused again.

Beef said, "Take it easy, Chick, just pretend that we're a bunch of Fascist planes, you weren't afraid of them, so why should you be afraid of us, your friends?"

"Guess you're right," smiled Chick, "it's just that I've gotten out of the habit of speaking to friends, at least in big bunches. The easiest way, should be I guess, to get right into a story. That's what you're all here for."

Sue, anxious to be 'helpful' and knowing the problems that Chick, like any returned serviceman, had to face in reorienting himself to civilian life, said, "The biggest puzzle to us, Chick, is the story that Nick called the 'Case of the One Legged Elephant.' What was that all about?"

"Gee, that was a funny one. At the beginning it seemed like it had all the elements of all the bad mystery stories you ever read. It had the rich old miser, dying in mysterious circumstances, the greedy nephew anxious to get his hands on the old man's dough-re-mi, the strange man seen flitting across the lawn just prior to the murder . . . yep, it had all that and more. It had an impossible murder!"

"It started like this . . . Nick was out of town one night when I got a frenzied call from Alex B. Smartly. He was the nephew. He told me in jumbled sentences that his uncle, old Ronald Smartly was dead. Alex wanted to know if I'd rush right over. It was a beastly hot night that had brought back a little touch of my malaria and I'd have been much happier to stay right at home . . . but I knew I couldn't.

"When I got there and had been suitably impressed by the size of the house, its huge lawns and its very dilapidated furnishings, dilapidated because the old man had re-

fused to 'waste' money on its upkeep. I was conducted to the death room by Alex.

"It was a grubby little room, not very appetizing at any time, but doubly unappealing at the moment, with the old man's crumpled body laying about ten feet from the only window in the room. He was shot thru the head. But there was no sign of a gun. Alex wasted no time in calling this to my attention. He wanted, for some reason to assure me that this was no suicide.

"I found out the reason later. The old man carried about a quarter of a million dollar's worth of insurance. There was a double indemnity clause in it. If it was murder, Alex stood to get a half million instead of the measly \$250,000 that suicide would have brought.

"After I had poked around for a while, Alex would have been quite happy to lose the quarter of a million I was sure, for every sign pointed to murder, with Alex as the only one with a motive.

"Believe me," Chick said, "Alex sweated that night and it wasn't just the heat! Look around as much as I could, it still spelled murder. Here was an old man up in his room on the second floor looking over his accounts. No one was seen by the servants to have gone to the room, or near the room, but Alex!

"Then, to make it worse, I found the death gun and . . . it was Alex's! I found it downstairs out on the lawn, about three feet out from the side of the house. It was near what I can only say looked like the trail of a one legged elephant! This mark in the lawn was about a foot in diameter and sort of shapeless as though an elephant had stood there for a moment. It was a fairly deep depression about two inches down in the soft loam of the lawn. The gun was next to this. Fastened to the gun was a small length of string. . . ."

"Chick," said Beef, "I got it! Remember you told us about the Apache trick of tying some string to the trigger guard of a gun so that if they thought they were going to be caught they could whirl the gun around



The SHADOW

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WBBB Burlington, N. C.
WAYS Charlotte, N. C.
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WHCU Ithaca, N. Y.
WNBK Birmingham, N. Y.
WBAX Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
WIP Philadelphia, Pa.
WGAL Lancaster, Pa.
WKBO Harrisburg, Pa.
WFBR Baltimore, Md.
WOL Washington, D. C.
WBOC Salisbury, Md.

like a catapult and get rid of the evidence?"

"You're warm but not too warm! Not as warm as Alex was anyhow," chuckled Chick, "no . . . this string was the right length for the Apache trick, but that wasn't how it was used."

"I stood staring at the gun and the elephant footprint for a long time. Alex was standing next to me and hot as he was, his face was pale. He gasped when he saw the gun . . . That . . . that's my gun . . . Bbbbut . . . I swear I didn't kill him . . . I swear it!"

"It was at this point that one of the servants joined us. He told us about having seen the shadowy silhouette of a man running across the lawn, away from the house, right after the shot was fired."

"Alex leaped on that as a solution of the crime. He insisted that the killer must have been some stray burglar who'd been seen by his uncle and had shot him in order to make his escape."

"As a matter of fact, as it turned out, the fleeing man *had* been a burglar, and a bad night he must have had! But he had nothing to do with the killing. He hadn't even gotten into the house. He'd been near the window when the shot rang out . . . then, this is his story as we got it later from the police, then he saw something about two feet in diameter, roughly circular, come flying thru the air. It almost brained him. That, coming right after the sound of the shot, scared him away."

"My next move was to go back up to the scene of the death. I looked at the position of the body, saw that it was a distance from the window and then walked to the window sill to find what I knew must be there. It was! Any of you know what I knew would be there?"

Sue's hand was the only one that went up. "Sure! You found a nick in the wood of the sill! Right?"

Chick smiled not so much at Sue who was right, as at the stunned faces of the other members of the Inner Circle who weren't as quick on the uptake as she was.

Beef in particular looked hurt. "How," he asked, "did you know and how in time does Sue know, that there had to be a nick there?"

Sue and Chick answered in unison, "Because of the footprint of the one legged elephant!"

All the other members groaned. Beef said, "Phooey! Go on with the story! I don't get it!"

"Now that I knew the *modus operandi*," went on Chick, "the only thing that bothered me was the motive!"

"But," said Beef heatedly, "certainly this guy Alex had a half a million motives!"

"Ah, ah," Chick shook his head, "but you see Alex had nothing to do with it!"

That did it. All the members but Sue and Chick looked dazed. They sat and looked at Chick as he continued, "I finally realized what the motive was, when I remembered that the dead man was a miser!"

Beef said disgruntledly, "Sure, sure, that makes it all as plain as mud. The nephew didn't do it; the burglar didn't do it. Go on. Now tell us that it was the *butler* and I'll throw something at you!"

Chick laughed. "No, it wasn't the butler. The finger that pulled the trigger belonged to old man Smartly himself. It was suicide, you see and not murder. Knowing that it was suicide, it took me a while to dope out why the old man had gone to so much trouble to make it look like murder. That was the reason his being a miser explained everything. He knew he was dying of heart trouble. But being a miser, he didn't want to lose any money, even *after* his demise. So he rigged this gadget so that the insurance company would have to pay out double indemnity!"

"I can see that," said Beef, "but what was the gadget?"

"The one legged elephant . . . a piece of ice was fastened to the string which in turn was fastened to the gun. When the old man pulled the trigger, the piece of ice was hanging out the window. As his fingers relaxed in death, the weight of the ice dragged the gun out the window, leaving the nick in the sill. The ice and gun, on the ground, were there for all to see . . . but it was a hot night as I told you and in no time at all the ice had melted leaving . . ."

"Leaving," finished Beef, "the shape of an elephant's foot! Oh fine!"

Flatty Foote

SELL
THAT
CELL!



FLATTY FOOTE, ALL INVOLVED
IN A TROUBLESOME BUSINESS
BECAUSE OF A CASE OF MISTAKEN
IDENTITY, WOUND UP IN JAIL-
BUT ALL THAT IS OVER...
EVERYTHING WILL BE SMOOTH
SAILING FROM NOW ON IN..
OR WILL IT??

FLATTY! ALL
YOUR TROUBLES ARE
OVER! HERE'S YOUR
PRINTS IDENTIFYING
YOU! JAILER LET THE
MAN ON YOUR
LEFT, OUT!



THERE MUST
BE SOME WAY
I CAN USE THIS
DOPEY COP TO
GET OUT FROM
UNDER ON MY
RACKET...
LET ME SEE...
I GOT IT!

WHEW -- GEE
I THOUGHT I WAS
NEVER GONNA GET
OUTA THERE!

PST

NO REASON
FOR YOU TO
WORRY AT ALL,
NOT WITH
ME, PETER
PRANCE ON
THE CASE!
PISH
TUSH!

LISTEN YOU PLAY IT SMART
AND YOU MAY BE ABLE TO
MAKE A BREAK!

NO KIDDIN'!
IF I MAKE IT I'LL
PAY YOU WELL,
LANTERN!

YE BLAME RIGHT YOU'LL PAY
ME WELL! WADDYE THINK IM IN
THIS FOR, MY HEALTH? GO ON
BEAT IT, MAYBE YOU CAN BEAT
THAT COP TO THE GATE!

AND IN CONCLUSION, MY FLAT
FOOTED FRIEND, I TAKE IT VERY ILL
THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DOUBTED
MY ABILITY TO EXTRICATE YOU
FROM THE PARLOUS PREDICAMENT
YOUR RESEMBLANCE TO THAT
CROOK GOT YOU INTO!

JEEPERS --
THEY'RE CLOSE --
IF I CAN ONLY
GET TO THE
GATE FIRST!

HEY YOU! STAND STILL! REACH
FOR THE SKY OR I'LL AIR
CONDITION YOU!

OH NO! DON'T TELL ME
THIS IS GONNA START
ALL OVER AGAIN! LOOK
IM THE DETECTIVE!
YOU CANT HOLD ME!

I TOLDJA
NOT TO MOVE!
YOU'RE THE
CROOK! THE
COP JUST LEFT!

GOOD HEAVENS!
IT'S HAPPENED!
THE CROOK, YOUR
DOUBLE HAS MANAGED
TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE!
OH DEAR...

MEANWHILE

COME, COME
NOW, MR JAW,
YOU PROMISED!

JUST CALL ME LANTERN
FOR SHORT. LOOK, I KNOW
I PROMISED YOU, BUT ALL I
CAN GIVE YOU IS ONE WITH
A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE.
AS SOON AS THERE'S
A VACANCY I'LL
TAKE CARE
OF YOU!

DO YOU WANT IT OR NOT?
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF OTHER
CUSTOMERS, IF YOU DON'T WANT IT!

OH ALRIGHT, YOU'VE
GOT ME OVER A BARREL
AND YOU KNOW IT!
LEAD ON,
I'LL TAKE IT!

BACK UP AND
GET BACK IN
YOUR CELL, SEE!

LOATH AS I AM TO ACCEDE
TO SUCH AN UNMANNERLY
REQUEST, I CAN SEE
NOUGHT TO DO.
BUT OBEY!

IF ALL THOSE BIG
WORDS MEAN WE'LL
DO WHAT HE SAYS,
WHY OKAY.

SOMETIMES
I WONDER WHY
I SPEND MY
TIME WITH A
PERSON WITH
AN I.Q. OF
YOUR CALIBER!

AT THE
GATE

WHY—
I LIKE
YOU, TOO!

I'VE SEEN LOTS
OF MEN TRY TO RUN
OUT OF HERE, BUT
YOU'RE THE FIRST
ONES I'VE EVER
SEEN RUN IN!

AH WARDEN,
YOU SEE, IT'S ALL A
BIG MISTAKE. THIS
MAN HERE IS THE
NOTED DETECTIVE FLATTY
FOOTE, OF WHOM YOU
MUST HAVE HEARD—

FLATTY FOOTE? WHY YES,
I SAW HIM LEAVE THE GATE
JUST A WHILE BACK!

NO...NÖ!
THAT WASN'T
FLATTY FOOTE!

THE ONLY THING
I CAN SEE IS TO
PUT BOTH OF YOU
IN A CELL 'TILL WE
CHECK ON THIS
PREPOSTEROUS
STORY OF YOURS!

THEY'LL GET
NO CELL
FROM ME!
I GOT
OTHER
PLANS!

PUT THESE MEN
IN SEPARATE CELLS
TILL WE CHECK ON THEM.

YES SIR,
IMMEDIATELY
SIR. COME ON
YOU LUGS!

RIGHT THRU
THAT DOOR
YOU TWO!

OH DEAR,
THIS IS ALL
LIKE SOME
BAD NIGHTMARE!

THAT IT IS,
BUT DO NOT
DESPAIR!
I WILL THINK
OUR WAY
OUT!

I DOWANNA
SEE EITHER
OF YOUR
PUSSES FOR A
LONGTIME!
GET IT!

YES
SIR!



I DON'T GET THIS! HE THREW US QUTA JAIL.

WHAT IN THE...



I'M ALL DIZZY! THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE!

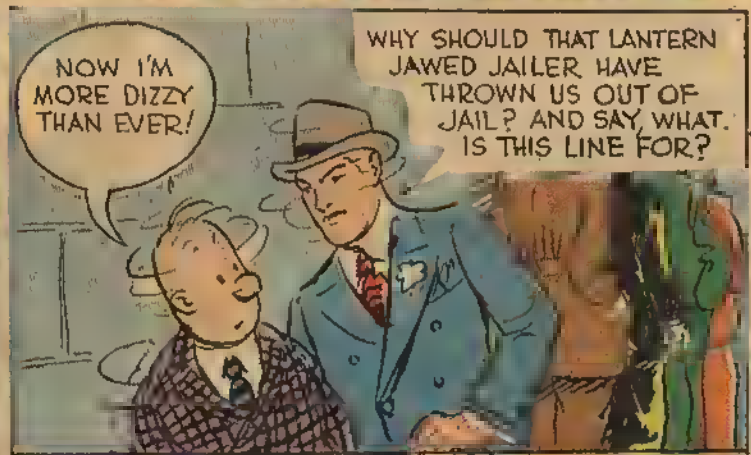
GET TO THE END OF THE LINE!

HEY-- QUIT PUSHING!



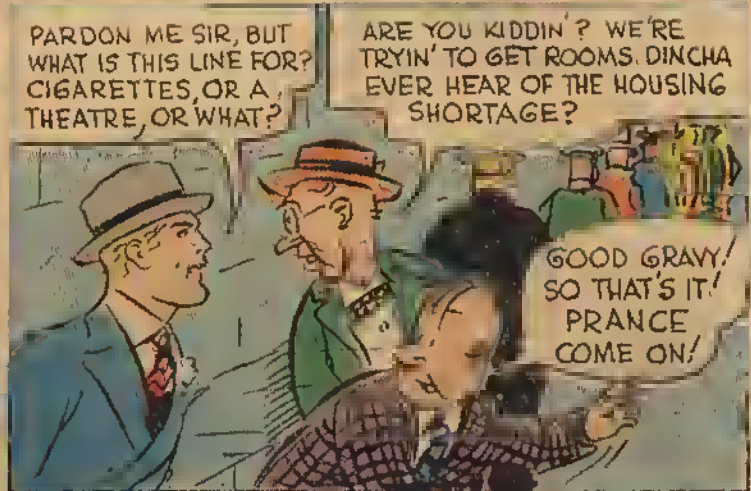
A PAIR OF WISE GUYS TRYIN' TO GET IN AHEAD OF THEIR POSITION!

GWAN GET TO THE END WHERE YOU BELONG!



NOW I'M MORE DIZZY THAN EVER!

WHY SHOULD THAT LANTERN JAWED JAILER HAVE THROWN US OUT OF JAIL? AND SAY WHAT. IS THIS LINE FOR?



PARDON ME SIR, BUT WHAT IS THIS LINE FOR? CIGARETTES, OR A THEATRE, OR WHAT?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? WE'RE TRYIN' TO GET ROOMS. DINCHA EVER HEAR OF THE HOUSING SHORTAGE?

GOOD GRAY! SO THAT'S IT! PRANCE COME ON!

JAIL.

HELP ME!
WE MUST
GET IN!

HERE, HERE WHAT'S ALL
THIS NOISE? IT'S NOT GOING
TO DO ANYONE ANY GOOD!
OOOOF!

BUT FLATTY! IT WAS
ONLY BY A STROKE OF
LUCK WE GOT OUT OF
JAIL! ARE YOU SURE
WE SHOULD
DO THIS?

OH MY....
THE DOOR
OPENED! HEY,
IT'S THE GUY
WE WANT!

HERE, HERE WHAT'S
THE MEANING OF ALL
THIS? HOW DARE YOU
ASSAULT MY JAILER?

BECAUSE HE'S A CROOK!
HE'S BEEN TURNING CROOKS
LOOSE, LIKE MY DOUBLE,
JUST SO HE COULD RENT
CELLS TO PEOPLE WHO ARE
WITHOUT ROOMS ON
ACCOUNT OF THE HOUSE
SHORTAGE!

I CAN'T SEE
WHAT GOOD ALL
THIS IS GOING TO
DO! AFTER ALL IF
WE GET BACK INTO
JAIL, WE MAY NOT
GET OUT!

GRAB HIM
AND BRING HIM
TO THE WARDEN'S
OFFICE!

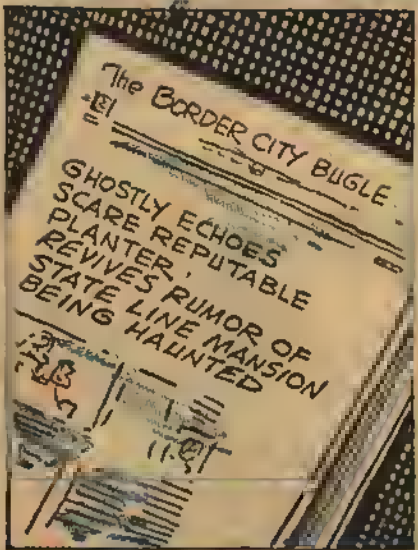
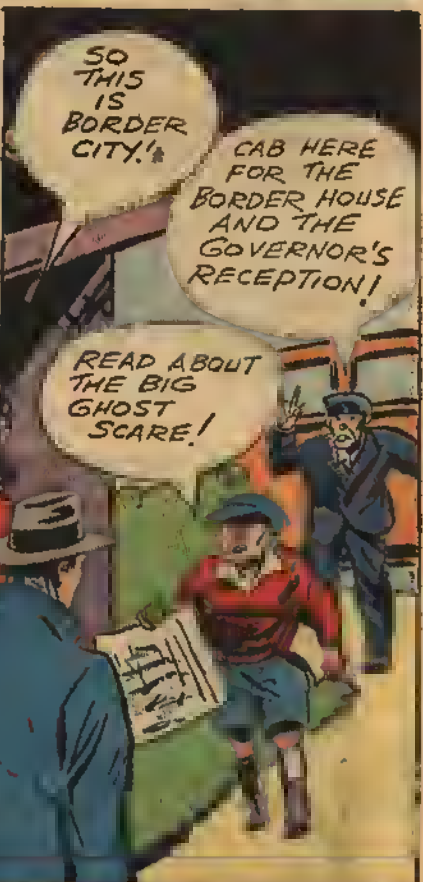
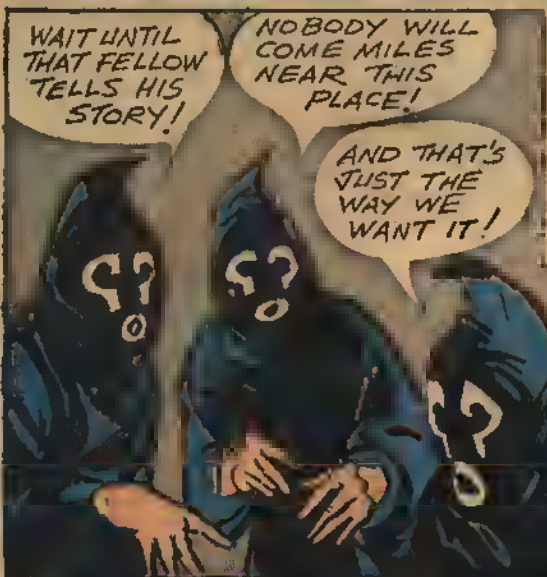
I CAN'T THANK YOU TOO MUCH,
MR FOOTE! A FINE REPUTATION
MY JAIL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU! THE
VERY IDEA OF HOW CRIMINALS
LIVING IN MY JAIL! WHY...IT'S ABSURD!

BUT NOT AS
ABSURD AS WHAT
I GOT COOKED UP
FOR THAT COP!

Ejey

The Shadow Meets The Wodahs





WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF
THAT STORY,
MARGO?

PROBABLY
JUST SOME
PUBLICITY
STUNT

I'M MORE
INTERESTED IN
THE RECEPTION.
JUST THINK, THERE
WILL BE **TWO**
GOVERNORS
FROM ADJOINING
STATES!

I'LL TELL YOU
WHY, MARGO. BOTH
STATES HAVE
SUFFERED BANK
ROBBERIES LATELY...

... AND THE
GOVERNORS
ARE HERE
TO CONFER
ABOUT
IT

THEY ARE?
WELL, I'M
STILL MORE
INTERESTED IN
THE RECEPTION.
I'LL SEE YOU
LATER, LAMONT

I WONDER
WHAT ONE
GOVERNOR
IS SAYING
TO THE
OTHER?

CAN'T
YOU
GUESS?

I DON'T SEE
LAMONT HERE.
I WONDER...
OR DO I?

GIVE ONE OF THESE
TO EACH OF THE
GOVERNORS

YES,
SIR!



I'LL BET HE'S GONE OUT TO
THE HAUNTED MANSION!
WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, I'M
GOING TOO!

HERE YOU ARE,
LADY, ONLY I AIN'T
STICKING AROUND.
YOU'LL BE COMING
BACK TO TOWN SO
FAST YOU WON'T
NEED A CAB!

THAT'S
YOUR
OPINION!

WHO'S AFRAID
OF AN OLD
HOUSE!

AH!
A
VISITOR!

WODAH!

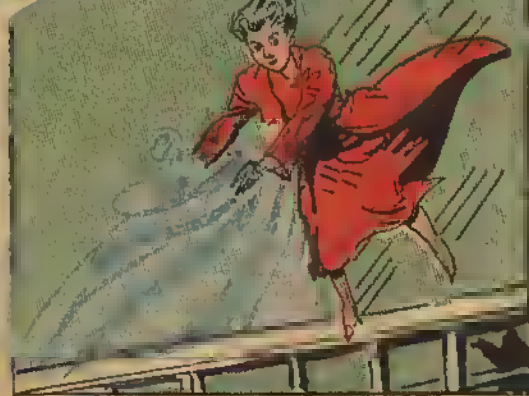
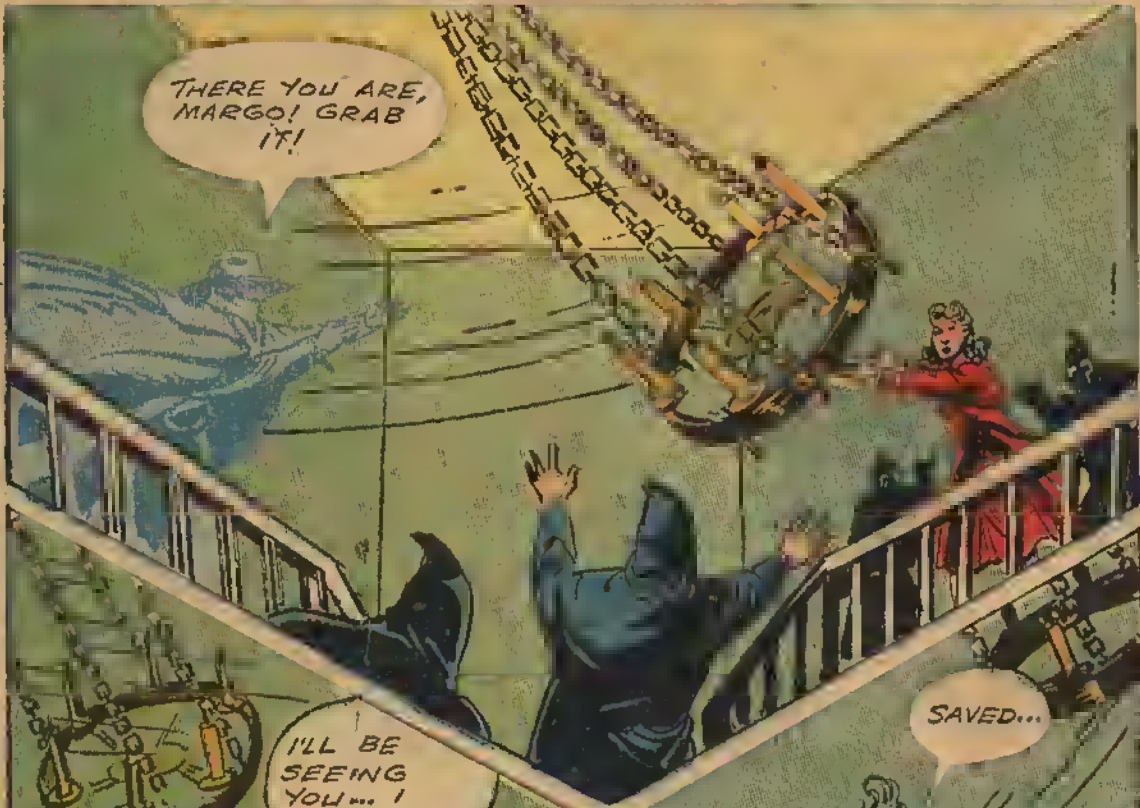
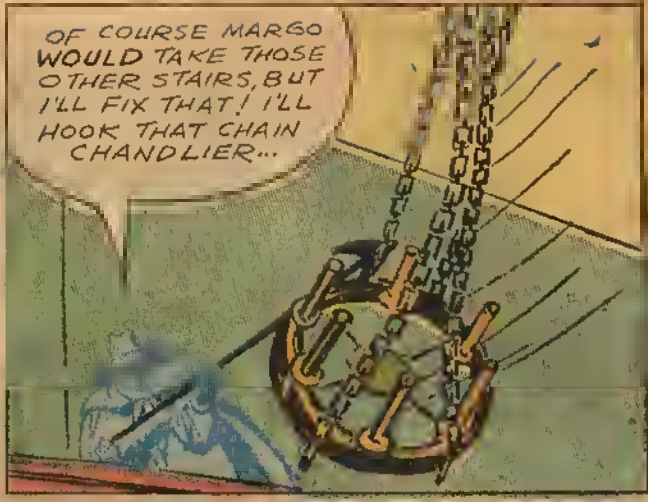
OH!


WODAH!

DO... I... I... I...
HEAR... HEAR...
WH..WH..WH..WHIS..
WHISPERS? I'D
BETTER GO...
GO... UPSTAIRS!

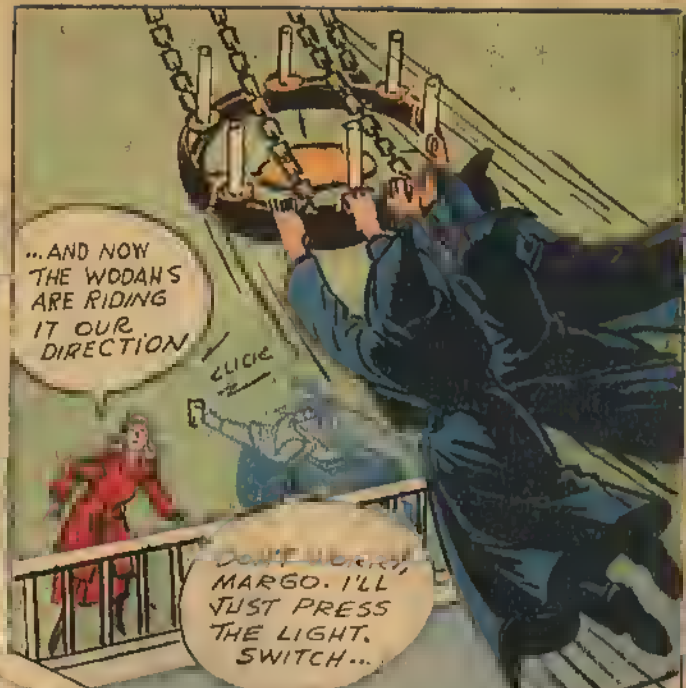
WODAH!








OR AM
17 THERE
GOES THE
CHAIN
ACROSS
AGAIN...



...AND NOW
THE WODAH'S
ARE RIDING
IT OUR
DIRECTION

CLIQUE

DON'T WORRY,
MARGO. I'LL
JUST PRESS
THE LIGHT
SWITCH...



AREN'T YOU
GOING TO
ROUND UP
THE WODAH'S!

THAT WON'T
BE NECESSARY.
THE STATE
POLICE SHOULD
BE HERE BY
NOW

I FIGURED
THAT OLD
WIRING
WOULD
SUPPLY A
SHORT
CIRCUIT!

STATE POLICE
FROM TWO
STATES...

YES, I INFORMED
BOTH GOVERNORS
THAT THIS STATE
LINE MANSION WAS
PROBABLY THE
BANK ROBBERS'
HIDE-AWAY

BY USING IT, THEY
COULD HOP INTO
EITHER STATE IF
POLICE CAME FROM
THE OTHER. SO I
ARRANGED FOR
POLICE FROM BOTH!



THE WODAHNS
PRETENDED THE
HOUSE WAS
HAUNTED TO
KEEP PEOPLE
AWAY!

I UNDERSTAND
THAT. BUT WHY
WHY DID THEY
CALL THEMSELVES
WODAHNS!

BECAUSE
WODAHNS IS
SHADOW
SPELLED
BACKWARD!

AND THE
SHADOW
STANDS FOR
RIGHT, WHILE
THE WODAHNS
STOOD FOR
WRONG. I
SEE!

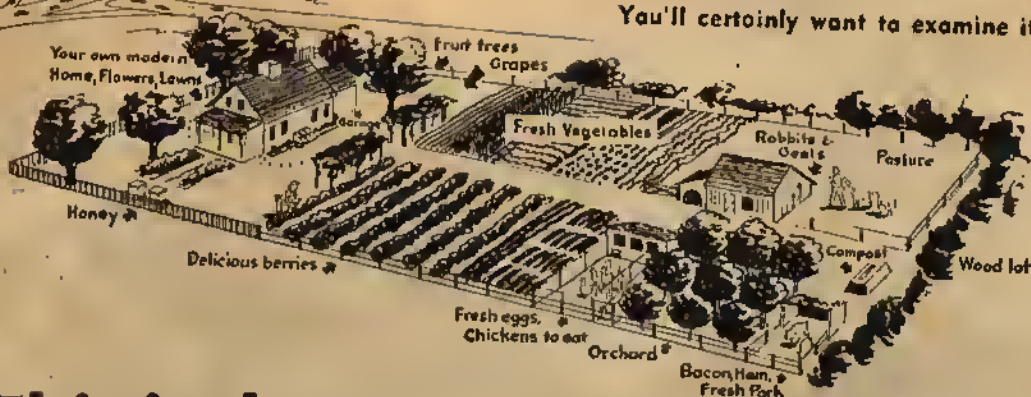


YOUR WASTE PAPER
ISN'T WASTE PAPER
UNLESS YOU
WASTE IT!





"A little land and a lot of living" . . .
that's what my "Have-More" Plan
tells you about.
You'll certainly want to examine it.



"This is the way I want to live— the rest of my life!"



Mrs. Robinson, Jackie, and I aren't selling any land nor promoting anybody's products. We only want to tell you how we've learned to have more fun, more health and more security than 99% of this world's families has ever had.

This morning for breakfast I had fresh berries and cream, a mouth-watering order of ham and eggs, raspberry jam and toast and coffee. The toast and coffee we bought at the store. The rest we raised on our little "Have-More" Homestead.

That breakfast, to me, is just a sample of part of the difference our "Have-More" Plan makes in the way people can live.

The strictly city dweller who buys everything he eats is liable to have a toast-and-coffee life.

The family which does as we are doing gets the "errand"—and the berries and the ham and eggs and the jam. I guess this sounds boastful, but I don't mean it so. It is just the *catch*. Says Mrs. Robinson and I have for the Plan we've worked out. We call it our "Have-More" Plan because that's how it works for us . . . we have more of just about everything that makes life worth living!

Our "Have-More" Plan is the true story of how we Robinsons moved from the city to our small place in the nearby country to find "a little land and a lot more living" while I kept a regular full-time job.

It tells how we grow most of our family's food in spare time—have fun doing it—have better living—more sun, shade and fresh air—more peace and quiet—more security and independence—in fact, as I said before, more of just about everything!

All the Details

My "Have-More" Plan contains over 50,000 words, 73 illustrations, many actual photographs of our own place. And I've kept the price as low as I could, only \$3.00.

It tells just how we do things—all our shortcuts, ideas, labor-saving methods—how it takes us only an hour or so of spare time a day to have tender chicken to eat, plenty of really fresh eggs, a wonderful garden, delicious milk, rich milk, butter, cream from our miniature dairy, tasty ham, pork, bacon, sausage, goose, turkeys, squab, spring lamb, honey bees, fruit trees instead of shade trees, luscious grapes, raspberries, strawberries, etc.—how we use the latest, easiest preserving methods, including quick freezing. (Note: no one family should start all these projects at once. But we describe them all so you can take your pick).

No "Magic" About It

Now please don't get me wrong. This is no "crack-pot theory" on how to make an easy living! I suppose that if you absolutely had to, you could live in lung limbo entirely off a small piece like our two acres. But that would be just existing, not really living.

You've got to have some cash income—from a job or a pension or something. What I'm saying is that with my "Have-More" Plan you can make a *smart* cash income into the best and happiest kind of a living any man could want. That's why we call it our "Have-More" Plan.

Furthermore, you and your wife have to be real partners and enjoy working together. If either of you think of the housework and the chores as just drudgery, you better go live in a boarding house or a two room apartment. Personally, we wish we could spend more time working around our place—it's so interesting.

Will You Join Us?

A friend said, the other day, "Ed, why do you bother with other people? Why don't you settle down and just enjoy your own job and your 'Have-More' Homestead? Why try to spread it all over the country?" I may sound silly trying to tell you why. This is my job now. I am putting full time into gathering information on country living . . . for ourselves and others. I feel, somehow, that in the years to run the U. S. is going to need all the help it can get toward happiness and power and security. We aren't always going to have a war home going on. I've got a boy I want to see grow up in a good country, and if ten or twenty million American families can get set as well as the Robinsons finally is, I don't think anything can hurt this nation.

Do you see what I mean? That's why I've worked so hard putting this Plan together. That's why I was so careful to be truthful and sensible in everything we put in it. And that's why I've kept the price as low as I possibly could—only \$3.00 postpaid.

Now It's Up to You!

So if you are one of our kind of people, if you want to have a look at our "Have-More" Plan, just fill in the coupon here and send it to me. When you get the Plan—by return mail—look it over. If you are disappointed in it in any way, or if it doesn't suit you, put it right back in the package and return it to me. I'll give you your dollar back and send you a dime for your postage.

On the other hand, if you like it, and I am sure you will, help me by showing it to your friends and getting them to start a "Have-More" Homestead also.

Yours for "a little land and a lot of living"—

Ed Robinson

P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.

Send to ED ROBINSON
P. O. Box 7609, Noroton, Conn.
Dear Ed:—

Here's your dollar. I want to see your "Have-More" Plan. If it's what I want, I'll keep it. If not, I'll send it back and you're to return my money—and we'll still be friends.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

(Please make checks \$1.00 to cover bank charge.)

WINNING **ENERGY**



Roaring over its target, the B-29 Superfortress drops its bombs with precision. Its five electrically-operated multiple-gun turrets make possible instantaneous concentration of fire power on enemy planes approaching from any direction. It has **ENERGY** to win!

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An energetic body helps to become a winner. **BABY RUTH**, rich in dextrose and other valuable nutrition, is ideal energy-food for quick pick-up . . . refreshment. Because millions of **BABY RUTH** Candy bars are shipped regularly to our boys in combat, you may not always find them at your store, but they should return soon.

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Even I can bake swell
Cookies with **BABY RUTH**!
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